

Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall, taken from  
the New York Journal of October 18, 1928.

"Dearest, dearest boy. Wasn't I happy to find a sweet note, for I didn't expect that you would risk leaving one for me yesterday. Such delicious eclairs.

"And the back is more interesting than you thought it would be. After I read it, we will talk about it.

"My darling, how well you seem today. I must have caught a cold, but I don't know when, and I am tired today-want to lie with you and rest for hours.

"And honey, you put the dear picture in my hymn book. Oh, you sweet, adorable babykins of mine. Minnie used my hymnal for the organ and I wonder if she saw them, although I don't care one bit. She provokes me so at times, and tonight if her flowers are still here, I'll put them in the kitchen. Not that I am jealous of Minnie. Why, darling, there isn't anything to be jealous of. But I hate her to do for you what I thought of first. She couldn't swear I put the flowers on your desk- she surmises it was I. Oh, well, poor Minnie. She is easily contented with crumbs, isn't she, dear?

"How are you tonight, darling? You seemed rested and happy. We didn't have a minute alone, but it will appear so at times.

"Dearest, I am not dreaming today. As I look out of the window I form no thought in my mind-just a drifting on, staring at nothing in particular, and I always do that when I am tired. The note I left yesterday was crumpled but I have to hide it in my small orange purse, as I met him. And please excuse hastiness in writing sometimes, as I cannot be alone always. How glad I am school resumes sessions tomorrow, and I can be along to write! I could never belong to a club or go where there is incessant laughter and conversation. I need my dream times, my hours alone and other people irritate and disturb me.

"There isn't much of interest in the paper today. One line in an article says 'all life is a hunger', and how true that is. A hunger for what will satisfy but what a variety of tastes in people. And because of you and I hunger for the same things is the reason for our longing to be together as much as possible.